

LETTERS
TO THE
FLOOR

DUNLOP

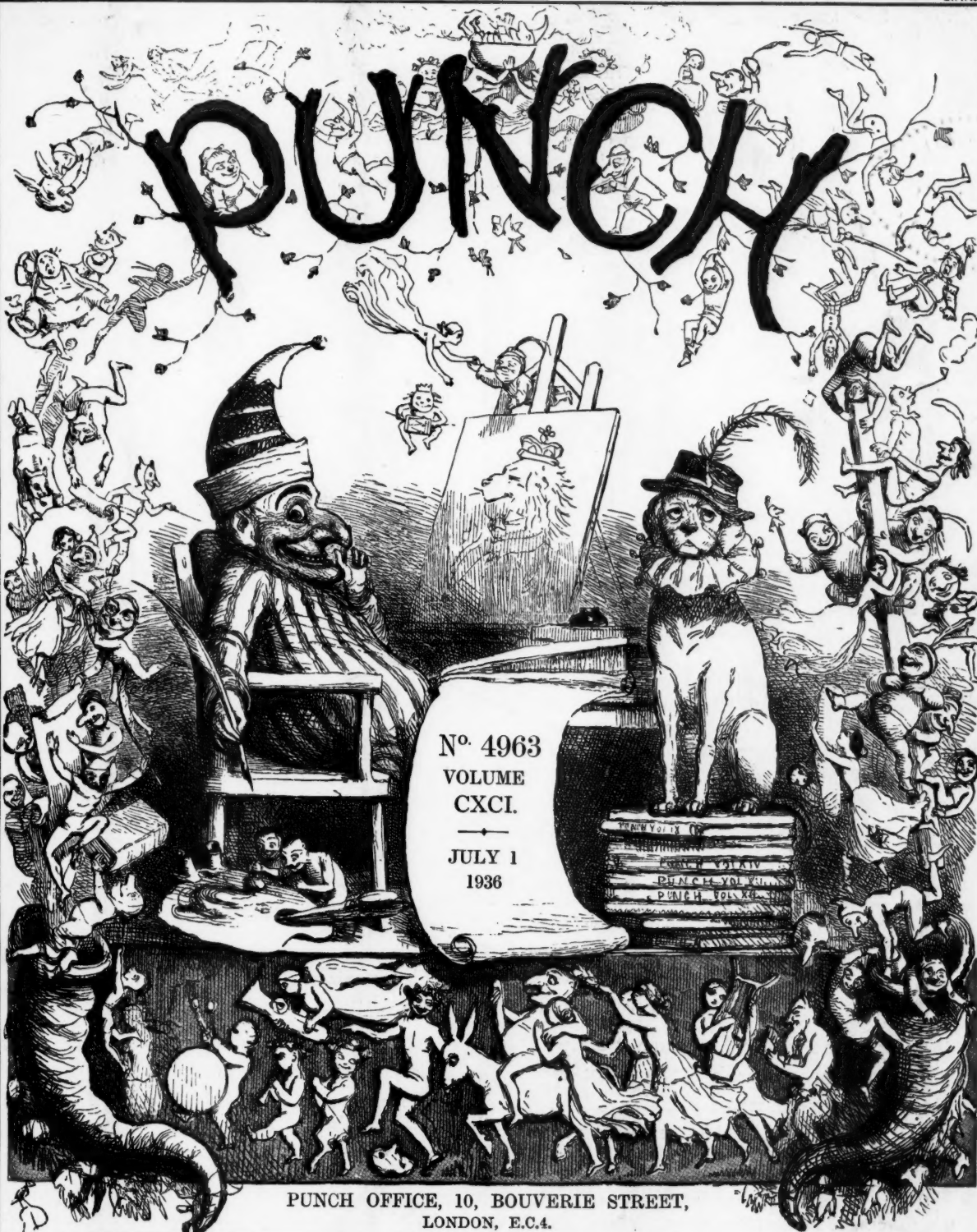
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FOR SAFETY AND SATISFACTION

6H/166.

C.F.H.

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Fit **Triplex** and be safe **CITROËN** do

Night and Day!

The idea behind Simpson, Piccadilly, is that it should bring together under one roof all good things which are made for men. The two summer outfits which we show you here are a pretty fair example of what we mean by this.



Simpson
PICCADILLY

NIGHT The same informality which is creeping into men's beach-wear is now evident in summertime evening clothes. Note, above: The dinner suit (7 gns.) with double-breasted shawl lapel jacket; the *soft* white marcella shirt with turn-down collar attached and double cuffs (17/6); and the single-ended narrow Savoy evening tie (4/6). Cool—yes. Free and easy—yes. And—in these enlightened days—perfectly in order, whether for dining or baccarat.

DAY Portrait of the same holiday-maker—next morning. The jacket is in white linen (55/-). The sports shirt (21/-) is in navy blue lisle thread. (Simpsons have masses of sports shirts to choose from.) The trousers are, of course, Daks—in dark navy blue flannel (30/-). Again cool and comfortable and smart! Question: Wouldn't it save you a lot of holiday-shopping bother if you were to come in and get these two outfits—at one stroke, so to speak?



Bait.

"SOME people are driving over to look at the house this afternoon," said Edith at lunch, "and as I shall be out, you will have to act as cicerone."

The idea of letting the house furnished while we were away in August had been Edith's, and I had opposed it unsuccessfully from the first. So I was rather glad of the opportunity of showing the house to these unpleasant strangers. I knew they would be unpleasant, because people who come to look over your house are always unpleasant.

I prepared for them carefully, pouring water over the bathroom floor to make it look as though there were a leak, and making my study even untidier than usual. The man was tall and thin, with rimless spectacles, and the woman was short and fat, with a horrible winning smile and an arch look.

"What a very pretty front-garden," said the lady as I opened the door.

"I'm afraid the flowers will be a bit off in August," I said. I led them inside, and showed them the dining-room.

"It's poky," I said, "and a long way from the kitchen."

"Splendid!" said the lady. "I like a cosy little dining-

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room, and servants are so noisy nowadays that it's nice to be a long way from the kitchen."

I took them into the drawing-room, and apologised for the fact that one leg of each armchair was a bit shaky. As a matter of fact I had unscrewed them a bit on purpose.

"George will enjoy mending the furniture," said the lady; "he is so clever with his hands."

I opened the window, so that they could hear the children next-door making a noise in the garden.

"They are at it all day," I said—"never stop singing from morning till night."

"How sweet!" said the lady. "I adore children, and I'm sure we'll soon be great friends. We must call on their parents as soon as we move in . . . we want to make friends, even if we are going to be here for only a month. Is there much local society?"

"Too much," I said, "but the quality is not up to the quantity. There's Entwistle, for instance, who is one of the biggest bores unhung. Calls round at all hours of the day and discusses psychology . . ."

The lady looked at her husband and laughed.

"How very fortunate!" she said. "My husband has written several books on psychology. It will be such a treat for him to meet Mr. Entwistle."

I was beginning to feel that the whole thing was pretty hopeless, but I took them up to the bathroom and told them about the leak, and that the geyser didn't work.

"George will soon put that right," said the lady brightly; "he is one of the finest amateur plumbers in the country."

I dallied with the idea of telling them that the drains were unsatisfactory in hot weather, but probably George would have come out with some theory that the odour of bad drains was good for the complexion, so I let it pass. Luckily Edith came in at that moment, and she was delighted to find how much they liked everything.

"I wonder whether my husband pointed out how near we are to the station?" she said, thinking this would clinch the matter.

Their faces fell, and they told us that after all they couldn't take the house.

"How unfortunate!" said the lady. "The sound of a whistle reduces George to a nervous wreck! What a pity, for your husband had made us simply fall in love with the place!"

Charivaria.

"A FLAT roof is an ideal place for sun-bathing," says a writer. Provided of course that the flat is unoccupied.

★ ★ ★

"After sea-bathing on a cool day," advises a doctor, "see that you have something handy to slip on." We have always liked this joke, and, except after sea-bathing, probably always shall.

★ ★ ★

It is pointed out that fashionable race-meetings are attended by many people who, like Doctor JOHNSON, don't know a hock from a pastern. But they may know a hock from a moselle.

★ ★ ★

Some astronomers declare that the sun shows indications of a possible flare-up capable of destroying all life on the earth within a few hours. In several European Chancelleries they are wondering where on earth it got the idea from.

★ ★ ★

"One day the much maligned woman-driver will unexpectedly turn," writes a motoring correspondent to a daily paper. Thus doing what all other drivers are always expecting her to do.

★ ★ ★

Micro-photographs of the brains of intellectuals are preserved in the Moscow Brain Institute. Short of putting the word "micro-photographs" into italics, this sentence could hardly be improved on.

★ ★ ★

In a lecture to husbands a speaker said, "Stay at home in the evenings and hold your wife's hand." This certainly cures the strumming on the piano, but it leaves the major problem of the wireless practically untouched.

★ ★ ★

A correspondent says he found hunting in America a little strange after English meets. It was the New Yoick that puzzled him.

★ ★ ★

The more intensive cultivation by Italy of the castor-oil plant, which is reported, is regarded as an indication of fears of discontent with Fascism.

★ ★ ★

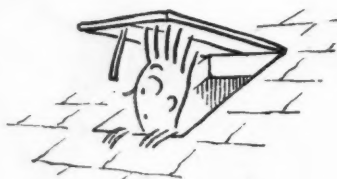
"Some inns are given very puzzling names," remarks a traveller. Who could have been the "Jolly Farmer"?

★ ★ ★

"The cave-man did not know what real love was," states a psychologist. Well, he had a very rough idea.

★ ★ ★

A new contrivance for playing realistic golf indoors is said to do everything but talk. The player does that.



"I can't see anything in a straw boater," says a writer on men's fashions. The remedy is to push it further back.

★ ★ ★

An author states that his favourite hobby is pig-breeding. We want to ask him if he finds it easy to live by his pen.

★ ★ ★

"The painters of old would simply laugh at the modern school of Surrealists," says an essayist. The Old Masters would probably call them the Young Messrs.

★ ★ ★

A golfer returning from the links found that his home was on fire. In fact that is what reminded him that he had one.

★ ★ ★

Young cricketers, we are told, are knocking at the door. Their ball has gone down the area again, we suppose.

★ ★ ★

An American gentleman is engaged in cataloguing the world's angling records. Everywhere he goes he is being welcomed with open arms.

★ ★ ★

A waiter has admitted making a steady income by betting. Presumably when he gets a tip from somebody he waits till he gets a tip from somebody and then puts the tip from somebody on the tip from somebody—and then waits.

★ ★ ★

"The owner of a slim waist usually has a gentle disposition," says a dress expert. Has the good lady never met a wasp?

★ ★ ★

"Wasn't it Mr. BERNARD SHAW who said that all clever men have bad memories?" queries a gossip-writer. We don't remember.

★ ★ ★

The R.A.F. pilot who recently landed on the foredeck of the *Normandie* must, we presume, have overlooked the notice, "*Défense de cracher.*"

★ ★ ★

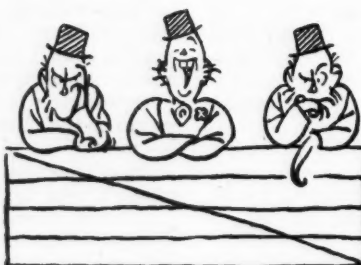
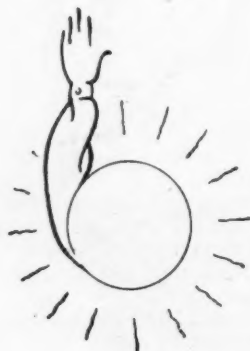
"Must vegetable marrows be grown under glass or out of doors?" asks a reader. Yes—must they?

★ ★ ★

The drapers of a Northern city are forming a golf club. It is untrue, however, that they will shout "Three-eleven-three!" instead of "Fore!"

★ ★ ★

A tourist states that, although he would very much like to travel through Germany, he is afraid that their food would upset him. He fears the *wurst*.





ATALANTA IN BLOOMSBURY.

"NOBODY CAN SAY I DON'T TRY TO KEEP THE OLD CITY WELL UP IN THE INTELLECTUAL FIELD."

[London University is celebrating its centenary this week.]

Main



"MY WIFE WILL BE PLEASED WITH THESE FISH."

Gin : A Tribute.

I MUST say I was astonished not to see in *The Times* any memoir of my lamented friend Andrew Mulligatawny (Gin) Fizz. I hoped to see there some of the concrete facts of his history which he so successfully kept hidden while he lived. All I know of him I know only from personal experience, or what he was accustomed to describe in a loud bawling voice as look-hearsay. Nevertheless, I offer the following notes for a good deal more, I hope, than they are worth.

When I first met him I had just been told that he lived in Brighton, and after greetings my first words were: "Whereabouts do you live in Brighton?"

"Well," he said, "you know Limpopo Road?" To save time, I said I did, and he went on: "Well, you know that little bit of it towards the end of Bingey Gardens, where the pavement is chipped?"

"Yes."

"There are three houses there facing the sea, and the middle one is divided into flats."

"Yes?"

"The top flat has green curtains with a peculiar design rather like sections of a loose-leaf ledger."

"Yes? You live there?"

"No," he said, "I live in Putney." Then he walked away with characteristic charm. He used to say this to everybody, and as a result quite a number of people got the impression that he lived in Brighton.

As a matter of fact he didn't live in Putney either. I don't know where he lived, though I once found him asleep under a small water-cart.

Andrew (or Gin, as he was always called) did very little writing himself, but he held emphatic views about the productions of others. He always carried in his pocket a large pack of gummed slips bearing the red-printed words:

OH YEAH?

with which he was accustomed to decorate the publishers' advertisements in the Sunday papers. Again, it was never wise to remark with approval in his presence upon some novelist's "enormous canvas." His comment would invariably be, "He'd better have made a tent of it."

Of politics, broadly speaking, he was not in favour. He only once went to the House of Commons, on a small tricycle covered with luminous paint which burst into flames where he had left it outside. In the Strangers' Gallery also he distinguished himself just after a question had been put to a revered Cabinet Minister, by calling out through a hastily-assembled folding megaphone the warning: "Quiet, please! Mr. — is trying not to think!"

Where this tricycle came from I am not sure, for he had an inordinate fondness for riding on the backs of cabs, and seldom travelled in any other way. He used to say it expressed his individuality, and he grew adept at borrowing money for the fine which he so often had to pay when he was arrested. His friends grew adept at lending it. He generally wore a coat which a girl friend had made him from

a piece of red carpet smuggled away from a wedding, and this made him rather more conspicuous than most people would be on the back of a taxi.

His main interest in life, apart from the questions he used to ask people, was geometry. He knew very little about it, but he used to say that it was the only possible pursuit for a man who could sharpen pencils as well as he could. He used to carry about a gross of pencils of one kind and another; they rattled in his pockets like a xylophone, and fell out in a shower whenever he bent down to make faces at dogs. It was his ambition to become known as a great geometrist, and to this end he invented what he called the Fizz Pipe-Shaped Pentagon, which looked more or less like this:



That is the nearest I can get to it, for he never explained precisely how it was to be drawn and I only once saw even him draw it, on a restaurant table-cloth with a burnt match. It was his conviction that he would one day discover how to get a record number of right-angles into this figure.

An off-shoot of his interest in geometry was his persistent and intrepid exploration of the uncharted regions of arithmetic. To the last he contended that between one hundred-and-ninety-seven-million and one-hundred-and-ninety-eight-million he had discovered two consecutive odd numbers. "All right," he would say to sceptics, "you count up there and see." But I never heard of anyone who did.

Like so many people with a taste for mathematics, Gin was very musical; but in obedience to some theory of

his own he never whistled or sang anything but bugle-calls, into which he put a depth of feeling and expression beyond the grasp, or gasp, of even the most bilious trumpeter.

I have left very little room to do more than touch on the habit he had, which I have mentioned above, of asking people questions. He would say to some new acquaintance: "When you have finished soaping your hands, which way do you throw the soap—left or right?" or "What sort of a noise do you make when you see someone in danger of being run over?—is it a wyup, or more of a ywip?" He would then usually beckon some messenger-boy whom he would tell to listen to the answer, and bowl merrily away on the back of a cab.

In the last months of his life he became misanthropical and always tore up his cigarette-cards before throwing them away. But it is sad to think that we shall never again hear that full-throated rasping sneeze of his, interrupting DEBUSSY'S *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* at the Queen's Hall. Or is it?

The Power of the Poster.

IT said, "DON'T GO HOME WITHOUT THE 'JOLLY MAG.'"

And I felt that I *must* obey.

It said, "DON'T GO HOME ON THURSDAY WITHOUT THE 'JOLLY MAG.'"

And it *was* Thursday that very day.

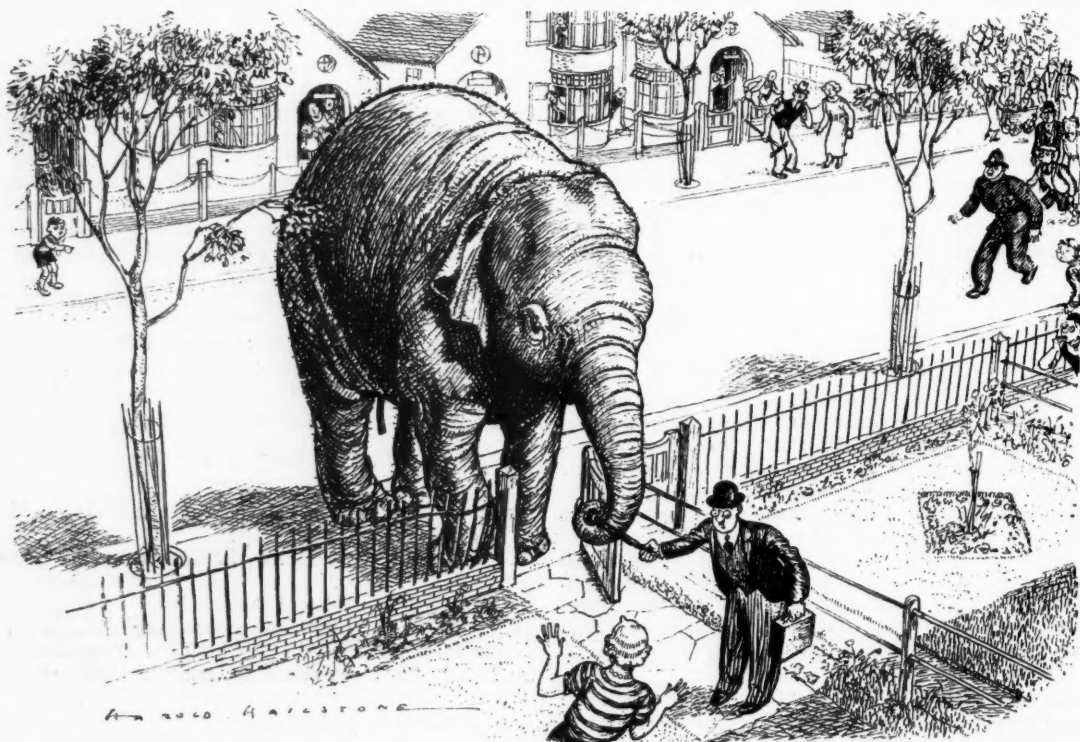
So I said, "I *won't* go home without the 'Jolly Mag.'"

But they answered me "Sold out" at *every* stall, And I'd *said* I wouldn't go home without the "Jolly Mag."

So I couldn't go home *at all*.



"NEVER MISSES A MATCH, OLD NOBBY DON'T. I'LL BET HE'S DREAMIN' ABOUT CRICKET NOW."



"BUT HE'S ONLY A BABY, DEAR, AND HE SEEMED TO BE LOST BEHIND THE GAS-WORKS, SO WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?"

The Linguist.

I SUPPOSE it's not surprising that Babcock speaks fluent Arabic, because he's been out in Egypt for three years. Shortly after my arrival, and fired by his example, I purchased not one, mind you, but four books for beginners. The man in the book-store assured me that within three months I would be able to make myself perfectly understood—even to the extent of having a try at "I don't like this material because it won't wear well. Haven't you something better?"

Well, after two-and-a-half months, about a fortnight ago, I felt quite prepared and champing at the bit—is that what one says?—to set out on my own. Until then, you understand, all practising had been confined to my room. I suppose my intention was to enter the field at last already well in the lead. Anyway, one morning when Babcock and I were crossing a field we were approached by a very excited native shouting all sorts of things in his own tongue. The situation demanded some tact.

"Let me handle him," I said to Babcock, tightening my grip on my newly-acquired mental linguistics, if you follow.

"As you like," he replied generously. So we had a nice conversation. Of course it was my first real attempt and not easy for me. I had more or less to weigh my words.

Later, back at Babcock's office, I gathered enough courage to ask him what he had thought of my efforts.

"Do you really want to know?" he demanded.

"Certainly," I said.

"Well, look here, I'll write out a record of your little chat in English. That will give you the best idea."

RECORD OF CONVERSATION WITH A GHARRY DRIVER.

Gharry Driver. Gentlemen, where are you going?

Englishman. What do you wish?

G.D. Are you going back to town?

E. Peace be with you.

G.D. With you also. Are you going back to town?

E. Why do you not wish us to cross your field?

G.D. No, no. Do you wish to take a cab back to the city? Mine is very close and I will take you for little money.

E. Yes, we have come from the city. We will not damage your crops.

G.D. Sir, you do not understand. I wish to oblige you with my carriage.

E. Yes. Do you think it is going to rain?

G.D. What is the matter with you? It will rain if heaven wishes.

E. Don't you understand? If we cross your fields nothing is the matter.

G.D. Please come with me and I will show you what I mean.

E. Thank you. We shall not be long.

G.D. No, not that way. This is the way to my carriage.

E. No, we want to go this way. Thank you. May you be granted long life and health.

G.D. And you, Sir. This way please.

E. We shall not damage your crops at all. We shall take good care.

G.D. What is this you are always saying? I have no crops. I have a carriage.

E. That is right. I am obliged to you.

G.D. It is impossible for me to understand you.

E. With a little difficulty. You have a fine farm.

G.D. I think that you are really mad.

E. May you have many offspring. Goodbye.

G.D. And you. May they be pitied, for you are weak in the head.

E. You are very kind. Thank you. We shall not harm your crops. May you have much wealth. Peace be with you.

G.D. And you whose talk is all of crops and fields. You have been sent among us for our sins.

P.S.—It seems that certain other remarks were incomprehensible.

The Bee.

I HAD the other morning a curious experience. As I was working, in the country, I was aware gradually that with the warm weather that old familiar sound of a buzzing bee had come back and was filling the room. For many bitter months I had not heard it; and here it was again, and it was with an enlarged satisfaction in the fact of summer that I watched the insect on the window-pane. I was sorry for its stupidity and its anger; but summer—that is what the buzzing meant, which increased as the bee's indignation increased.

For this is what was happening. There are three windows in a row over my desk, facing the garden and the sun. On this occasion those on the sides were open, but the middle one was shut; and it was on the panes of this middle one that the bee, which had mistakenly got indoors, was furiously searching for a way out. Up and down the panes it went, left and right it went, fussing and fuming, never having the sense to do anything but press itself in its rage against the unyielding glass, never having the sense to fix its wonderful eyes upon anything but the flowers with their harvest of pollen and sweetness awaiting it outside; whereas all that it had to do to gain liberty was to recoil for a moment from the window into the room itself, and then, seeing that the two windows which had been on each side of it were open, fly to freedom and food.

But it had not that sense, or, if you like, instinct; although this instinct is what we are told all creatures possess in such abundance as to put us poor mortals to shame.

The result was that, being a humane creature, capable of wearying under continuous and intensifying buzzing, and also under exhibitions of folly, I



Customer. "I ADORE IT, BUT IT ISN'T ME!"

left my desk and, with a handkerchief, captured the bee and directed it to the exit, through which it flew like a bullet without a word of thanks.

Long ago I gave up ants. They were not, I observed, after considering their ways, so remarkably wise; but I have been hypnotised into the conviction that bees could make no mistake. Bees knew. Apart from other parables all in favour of the hive, was I not brought up on the old poem of Maria?—Maria who had an aunt at Leeds, for whom she made a purse of beads. 'Twas nicely done, by all allowed, but praise soon made Maria proud; and she gave way to pride, until her mother, wishing to repress this strong conceit of cleverness, said:

"I will show you, if you please, a honeycomb, the work of bees, when, if only you are fair," she added, "you will admit the insects' greater skill." It was as she said, for in those days children seem to have been instantly and completely amenable, and Maria, on seeing how successfully the poor insects had, without any education or refined assistance, constructed their cells, was forced to admit the insects' greater skill and to agree that her own accomplishment was as nothing.

With such a lesson implanted at so early a period of plasticity, how could I fail always to bring to the contemplation of the bee an extra element of reverence? But never again. I have caught the bee out. E. V. L.

Last Week in My Garden.



MONDAY.—The sunshine and rain over the week-end have brought things on beautifully. Possibly the thunder helped too, but I am not sure about this. In any case I have rarely seen the garden looking so well. The herbaceous borders are gay with flowers, the fruit-trees are fruiting, the scarlet-runners are dashing up their poles in the happiest way. Even the roses are better than usual. That Mrs. Whatsername—I generally remember it—is particularly rosy. And the mint! I wish you could see the mint. It really is a sight.

I thought of staking the delphiniums this morning, but of course that means stakes. Also string. So decided to wait for more suitable weather and planned to do some weeding in the afternoon. However, my Uncle Albert came in the afternoon to stay for a few days and we had much to say to each other. He is a knowledgeable horticulturist, and has brought me a book on "Garden Pests and Diseases," which he declares is good. My plants are all healthy enough, thank goodness; still, it may be useful.

Read the section on tomatoes after dinner.

Tuesday.—Had a look at my tomatoes just to be on the safe side. They are fine plants but seem to be suffering from Yellow Spot, which means dusting the leaves with green sulphur. Asked my uncle about it, but he said, No, he didn't believe in messing about with badly diseased plants. Best thing to do was to pull 'em up and burn 'em. They'd only be a source of infection. So we pulled 'em up and burnt 'em. I'm sorry to lose my tomatoes but thankful to have had an expert here to tell me what to do. Afterwards my uncle said we might as well have a look at the broad beans while we were about it. He pointed out the Black Aphis, and looked grave. "Pull 'em up!" he said. "And burn 'em?" I said. "Yes," said my uncle. So we pulled 'em up and burnt 'em.

My uncle trod on a rake after lunch and received a sharp blow on the ear. I dusted it with green sulphur.

Wednesday.—We dug up all the apple-trees to-day. They show distinct symptoms of Canker, Scab, Leaf-spot, Brown Rot, Blossom Wilt, and Powdery Mildew, and are clearly infested by the Capsid Bug, Codlin Moth, Tortrix and American Blight. I pointed out that the trees were free from Scale and Bitter Pit, but my uncle said they weren't worth saving. Bitter Pit, he said, would probably develop later when the fruit was ripening. In any case it was necessary to dig them up to find out whether they were suffering from crown-gall, a root disease. Of course I could see that, so we dug them up.

I spent a happy afternoon wondering what to put in their place.

Thursday.—Wandered into the kitchen garden and found my Uncle Albert cutting down the gooseberry-bushes with an axe. It appears he had thrown himself down under the bushes for a nap and on waking up was horrified to see the creamy black-spotted caterpillar of the magpie moth savaging the under-side of the leaves. Some people, my uncle says, would have advised complete destruction, but he thinks cutting the bushes down to ground-level will

suffice. It should ensure strong healthy growth next year, he says—if the roots are clean, that is. I carelessly left a rake on the ground when my uncle was superintending the bonfire, but he stepped forwards instead of backwards—luckily.

We read the section on roses together in the evening.

Friday.—To-day has been quite remarkable. It began with a pleasant discovery about the roses, which have got nothing worse than Greenfly, Green Chafer, Mildew, Red Rust and Spot. It is really astonishing, my Uncle Albert tells me, to find absolutely no traces of the Bee Leaf-cutter, Leaf-Scorch or the Slugworm Sawfly. In fact, with prompt application of the proper remedies, he believes the bushes may be saved. We consulted the Pest book and, after a visit to a sundriesman and a chemist, got to work. First we took an ounce of nicotine extract and a pound-and-a-half of soft-soap and boiled them up in ten gallons of water. This mixture we squirted through a squirter on to the rose-bushes. It was hard work, but it settled the hash of the greenfly. Next we sprayed molasses and arsenate of lead on the green chafers. I don't know why molasses particularly, unless it takes that bitter taste away; we were simply following the instructions. "That'll do for them," said my uncle. "Now for the mildew." We polished off the mildew with sulphide of potassium, and after that we pumped sulphate of copper on to the red rust, topping the lot off with Bordeaux Mixture to out the damned Spot. I calculate we poured some seventy gallons of chemicals on my rose bushes one way and another, and when we had finished my uncle said it was a good piece of work. He thought I ought not to have any more trouble with my roses after that. He was right too, because while he was speaking he threw a lighted match on to the rose-bed and there was a tremendous explosion. When the smoke had cleared away there wasn't a greenfly or a particle of mildew to be seen. There weren't even any rose-bushes. My uncle was quite excited. He said he had never seen a rose-bed cleared so completely in such a short space of time. It was probably the first time, my uncle thought, explosives had ever been used to eliminate pests in the garden. I said it was a pity about my roses, but my uncle said, No, it would pay me in the end to have a fresh lot of strong healthy bushes.

Saturday.—I carelessly left two rakes lying about this morning and my uncle stepped back on to one of them when he had finished rooting up the peonies, which have stem-rot. I dressed the wound with nicotine extract.

Sunday.—My uncle is not about to-day, so I scythed down the delphiniums which looked silly standing up all by themselves in the garden. Besides, the leaves have a queer glossy look and the flowers are unnaturally bright.

In the afternoon I planned to do some weeding.

H. F. E.



I WIMBLE.



AFTER SEEING THE LADIES' SINGLES ON COURT No. 1—



RUSHED TO COURT 3 FOR THE MIXED DOUBLES—



JUST TEN MINUTES ON COURT 2 FOR BOROTRA AND BRUGNON—



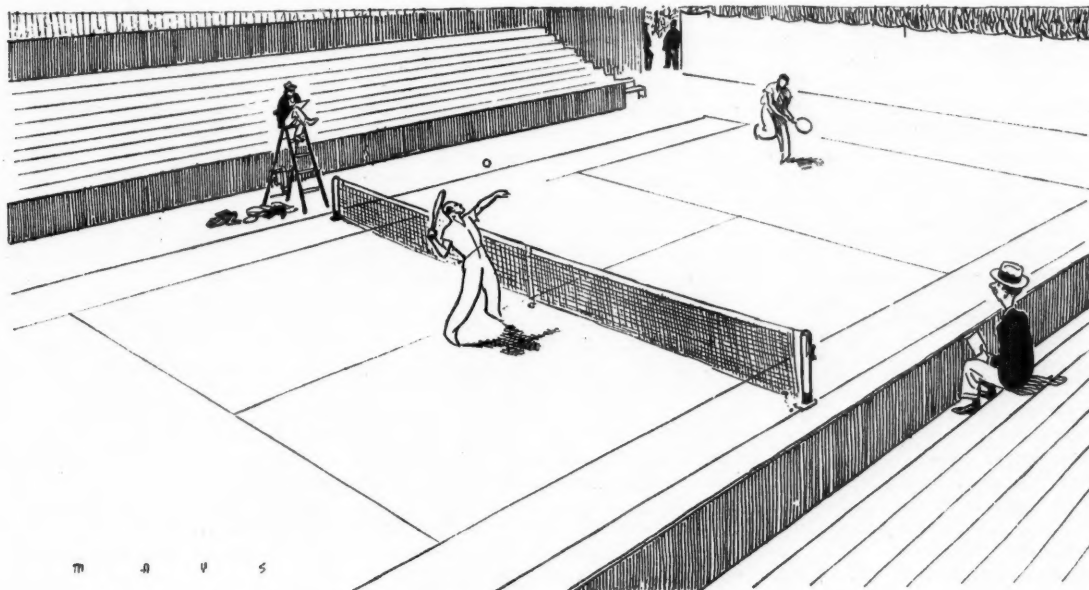
THEN TO CENTRE COURT FOR HELEN JACOBS—



ON TO No. 4 TO SEE AUSTIN—



BACK TO CENTRE COURT FOR FRED PERRY—



AND TO FINISH UP I JUST HAD TO SEE OUR CLUB CHAMPION ON COURT No. 30.



Trespasser (to angry farmer). "THAT'S ALL ME EYE. WE BIN MAKIN' LAWS IN LONDON LATELY THAT YOU YOKELS KNOWS NOTHIN' ABART."

A Protest.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—I venture to address you on the subject of bird-watching, in the hope of checking an abuse and removing a misconception. Every year more and more otherwise inoffensive citizens yield to the temptations offered by this disgusting sport—if sport it can be called. Every month the space devoted to it in normally respectable publications grows greater, the propaganda of its addicts more blatant, the suffering of its victims more wide-spread. If it is not stopped, the entire bird-population of the British Isles will become either nervous, jumpy, paranoiac recluses, or brazen self-advertising publicity-hunters.

A bad enough example is provided by the eagles. It takes the minimum of skill to watch an eagle. Eagles are easy to photograph ("Do you see that little black dot? No, there. That was an eagle we saw from the peak!") and still easier to find. I myself know two families of eagles rather well. One of

them (the name is Fingal, and they live near the Lairig Ghru) has in the last ten years degenerated into a mere troupe of exhibitionists. They live for the hiking season. Now that climbers have driven most of the small game off Ben Macdhui, the Fingals get through the winter on the sandwiches and buns left near the Shelter Stone. When summer comes, they absolutely court notice, posing for photographs and swooping for pieces of pie in as consciously picturesque a manner as the gipsies of Seville. All their old aquiline independence has gone.

The other family, the Clunies, used to live near Cruachan. For long they ignored the stares of tourists and the click of cameras. But when the first telescopic cinematograph was focussed on them they began to grow nervous, ostentatious, even affected. Wisely, before their whole character degenerated, they abandoned their little eyrie and moved up to Sutherland, where their only danger is an occasional shot from an anxious gamekeeper, and they can at least preserve their individuality. But I confess that their

hermit-like existence sometimes strikes me as equally affected. Mrs. Cluny has developed a nervous over-the-shoulder glance which reminds me of a film-star travelling incognito and hoping to be recognised, and there is something almost too Promethean about the steady northward stare of the old man himself—he looks like an Alsatian at a dog-show.

If this could happen to eagles, what do you think is the effect of constant prying and peering upon a nervous bird like the crested grebe, or a scholarly eccentric like the buzzard? Half the birds in Norfolk have lost their sense of privacy: they accept it as a condition of existence that they should make love before a camera, feed in front of an artificial thicket containing two grebe-fanciers, and from time to time invent some new and improbable custom to surprise their public. A recent letter to the papers from a bird-watcher who had heard a buzzard barking like a dog was treated with derision. Yet the man told the truth. The buzzard did and does bark like a dog—it has been practising it for

months. It wants a film-test; and it will get one, for the Ornithoscopic Society is taking a sound-camera up to Norfolk next week-end.

Others of Britain's feathered friends are less adaptable, and perhaps for that very reason care more for privacy. But a bird who wants privacy is treated nowadays like a citizen who wants less noise. The fad is recognised, and answered by empty gestures. Build where they will, hide how they can, the really shy birds are tracked down and spied on and photographed and written up and argued about and subjected to countless indignities. The most blatant of these outrages has even been the subject of talks on the radio by a person who is organising a crusade to pry into the digestive processes of the little owl.

The presupposition of bird-watching, as far as I understand it, is that it is

better to spy on the spotted white-throat than to shoot it and destroy its nest. I suggest that this is a false dichotomy, and that it is possible and preferable to leave the bird alone. Birds are all nervous, anyhow. Watch the average thrush on your lawn. Does he ever take a step or a peck without looking anxiously over his shoulder? And yet he is accustomed to the sight of human beings. Imagine, then, the awful sense of persecution which has overtaken the real recluses of the bird-world. I shall not, I trust, be told that the crested grebe does not know it is being watched. The crested grebe is more sensitive than that: after it has flown over two or three heaps of grass containing two apparently dead men with thermos flasks and cameras, it knows that it is being shadowed. Its heart beats faster at every snapping twig, for that snap might be the click

of a shutter. It dare not look long into any bush lest it see a pair of glaring eyes between the leaves. Neither rain nor frost can free it from this inquisition. It is a hunted bird—and all the more pathetic because the hunt never ends in death or escape.

I appeal, then, to the natural good taste and social tact of our nation. Abandon this spying and game-pecking! Save the last devotees of privacy! Watch something else, if you must watch something—some bird which is accustomed to publicity, like the canary, or some animal which does not shun it, like the sheep. Many healthy and valuable afternoons can be passed in sheep-watching, but bird-watching ruins the character of both its addicts and its victims.

I am, Sir, Yours, etc.,

BIRD-LOVER.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

THE GIFT FOR WATER-COLOURS.

Hatiquette.

YEARS ago, when we visited the United States, we were struck by the superior hat-manners of American men. They took off their hats in elevators, when ladies were present—and, we think, when they entered a shop, or store. We tried, on our return, to establish the same polite custom in the British lift, but with small success.

In Sydney, Australia, the pioneer of hat-manners did better, it seems. For last year, as we understand, the following notice was posted in the Bank of New South Wales in that delightful city:—

"We would ask gentlemen to keep their hats on in the lifts. This will tend to reduce congestion during busy periods and so contribute to the greater comfort and convenience of all."

Officials explained that if nobody took off his hat "twenty instead of sixteen people could be carried in each lift."

Yes, but if the women lay down and let the men stand on them, the lift no doubt could carry twenty-four. There is here a clear conflict between chivalry and soulless efficiency. It is a battle of the spirit. And there should really be a ruling or two on the whole question of hat-conduct.

A few things seem clear:—

(1) The gentleman removes the hat in salute when he meets a lady in the street, and replaces it as soon as he deems respectful. Unless it is raining; in which case he pops it on forthwith.

(2) He does not wear a hat in the drawing-room if a lady is present, or at a theatre, a cinema or public meeting.

(3) But he wears it without shame in a public bus or tram, or even a first-class railway-carriage; or a private motor-car; or a bar; or the House of Commons.

(4) But, though he keeps it on in his first-class carriage, he takes it off in the dining-car.

(5) He keeps it on in shops (in England, but not in other parts of the planet) and in lifts (but not in America).

It will be seen at once that chaos reigns. No governing principle can be perceived, nor even an accepted world-practice.

Why may the gentleman keep his hat on in a first-class carriage, where there is plenty of room, but not in the dining-car, where there is never any room for anything and hats and things keep falling into the soup?

If he approached a strange young lady in the street and asked her for the time he would raise his hat: why does he not do the same when he goes into a shop and asks a strange young lady for a box of matches? In the second case, it is true, there is a commercial transaction between them. *But shall it be said that British commerce is incompatible with good manners?*

No.

We ourselves favour the American elevator-hat-practice. It may cost a little space, if Sydney is right, but we do not fear that. And need it? Cannot the gentlemen in a crowded lift stand holding their hats high above them? That would give a new emphasis to the salute. It would be uncomfortable for us fellows, but, after all, we were sent into this world to suffer for the women.

But we perceive that difficult problems remain. There are numerous kinds of lifts—hotel-lifts, and flat-lifts, and office-lifts, and Tube-lifts, and lifts at the big stores. In what sort of lift should British womanhood be honoured? The question has only to be asked to receive an immediate and indignant answer. In every sort of lift! Shall it be said that British woman is less worthy of reverence on a public railway than in a public hotel or shop?

It follows, then, that gentlemen of our school must be uncovered in the Tube-lift also. But not in a Tube train—that would be too much. The train and the motor-car shall remain exempt together.

Perhaps, at last, a principle emerges—that the hat need come off only when the direction of travel is vertical and not in case of horizontal motion. But then what about the Underground escalators? Should we doff when a lady trips on to one of them? Now we are in a muddle again.

Let us pass, then, to the big multiple store. Here, as we have seen, the gentleman does not remove his hat while purchasing flowers from one female to give to another. We think that at least he ought to raise the hat as the transaction opens, and again when it closes. In the United States, we gather (we are not sure), the hat is not removed while the citizen strolls round the multiple store. It comes off only as (a) he enters an elevator in which a woman is present, or (b) a woman enters an elevator in which he is already present without, hitherto, a woman. For—and here is another teasing point—our information is that if there is only a female elevator-operator (or lift-girl) in the lift the hat remains on. What happens, then, if a

female customer joins the lift on the second floor? Does the hat then leave the head, doing an honour to the customer which has been denied to the humble lift-girl? All this sounds strangely undemocratic and un-American, and we cannot believe that we have got it right.

But if we cannot get world-understanding, world-standardization, and world-co-ordination in a simple area of life like this, how can we hope to get world-totalization, world-centripetalism and world-cointegration about raw materials, colonies and economic thingummy?

Let every Briton, therefore, give his mind to these problems and ask himself whether he does in fact remove his hat as often as he ought, having due, but not excessive, regard to the factors of expediency, such as the space available in a given lift, the cubic content of six bowler-hats, and so forth. It seems clear that at many points our practice is illogical and lacking in chivalry, judged by continental and transatlantic standards. Yet it may be that, as we often do, we have muddled through into a position indefensible but right; that we only take off the hat where instinct says we simply must, as in a lift so small and intimate that it is almost a private room. But then, suppose that such a lift is full? We cannot tell. It is all very difficult.

And it is most unselfish and kind of us to take all this trouble to put you right. For we do not wear a hat.

A. P. H.

Pedigree Business.

"... AND the little filly in the corner is by Resolute, out of Mayflower. Her sire, you know, was Roderick, by Sunny Boy, out of Juno, who won the Oaks that year that Silver... the grey colt by Greyfriar, out of Moonbeam... came down when Drake's filly... Puddleduck, wasn't it?—anyway that chestnut by Frolic, out of Duckswing, who won the..."

After an afternoon of that sort of thing one's brain whirls, and the amazing thing is that it was the tenth field we'd been into and there had been just as many horses in each of the other nine. These hunting-racing people can knock the Heralds' College silly when it comes to reeling off pedigrees.

The trouble is of course that up to the present they've had it all their own way. I mean unless you own a pedigree beast yourself there is absolutely no method of retaliation. Living in a flat and having a good

many horse-bitten friends myself, I have suffered considerably, until at last I have hit on the stupendous idea of supplying my possessions with pedigrees in the same way.

The lovely little Italian vase on my mantelpiece, for instance, by Perseverance, out of Aunt Matilda, was given to me at the same time as I acquired the Louis XV. chair, by Fluke, out of Jumble Sale (by Rectory, out of Charity). The other ghastly vase is by Ill Fate from Mrs. Perks (dam Bad Luck). The wooden chair which does not match the rest of the furniture is by Necessity, out of Attic, and the same sire and dam are responsible for the wicker-table and plush table-cover. The picture above the bureau (by Economy, out of Earnings) is one of the varied and remarkable offspring of Ticket, out of Pawnshop.

I haven't completed the pedigrees of everything yet—in fact with some of them it will be a bit difficult—nor have I tried the idea out on any of the horse-owners. But the very next time one of them starts to tell me that the friendly-looking creature with the soft nose is Royal Rainbow, by Rob Roy, out of Royalty, that little mare, you know (only you don't), by Beau, out of Fairy, by Rex, out of Rosemary, I am determined to tell them that the very attractive dress I am wearing is by Ingenuity, out of Four Yards, by Bargaining, out of Six-and-Six, by Savings, out of Bank . . . and if they don't show signs of despair and remorse by then I'll take it back even further.

Sisters at Didley-cum-Wenlock.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—The fascinating correspondence deservedly earning so much prominence in Another Place encourages me to ask whether, as regards the other sex, any of your readers know of a case parallel to that of the fifteen Wartpleasure girls who were all at Didley-cum-Wenlock in 1877?

They consisted of five sets of triplets, and were all exactly similar except that Euthanasia, the eldest, had lost one of her big toes in a chapel-gee, Ranuncula, the seventh, was nearly two feet taller than the rest, and Ephemerida, the youngest, had a permanently bloodshot eye. All members of Mrs. Trunkworthy's house (it was then at its zenith, and was known to the more frivolous as the "Wartpleasure Warren"), they were fine athletes, and between them secured all the places in the Stoolball XII. of '77, the three reserve mallets being also in the hands of Wartpleasures. I may add that the Carpentry Prize at Didley, a



"SAVE THE WIRELESS, MAGGIE, AH'VE A SINGIN' IN MA HEID."

much-cherished palm, was carried off for eight years running by a different Wartpleasure fretsaw; and that during the year in question no fewer than six Wartpleasures were admitted to Didley's final honour, namely, freedom to stand on the warmer half of the rug in front of the Library fire.

They took Trunkworthy's to heights which are one of the proudest of its many proud traditions, and I wonder if their record, etched in gold on every Didley memory, will ever be surpassed?

Yours, etc.,

VERY OLD D-C-W GIRL.

"Mr. —, aged 59, died recently, and among various objects which were seen spinning in the air were some big fish which had evidently been drawn up from the River Arno."—*Pacific Paper*.

Proving what?

Talkie Talk.

THERE'S such an awful lot of words I haven't got to say, Like "Yep" and "Pop" and "Say, you guys," And, worst of all, "O.K."

It's even worse than swearing, When the Vicar comes to tea And tells me I'm a fine young man, To say, "You're telling me!"

I've thought and thought about it, But I still don't understand; Because CLARK GABLE says them all, And Mummy thinks he's grand.

Baldwinnie the Poo.

"I have nothing to apooelize for. We are keeping straight on our course." Report of Speech by Mr. Baldwin.



Musical Critic. "SPEAKING FOR MAISELF, I FAIND IT COMPLETELY ODOURLESS."

A Strange Wild Song in a Surrealistic Key.

(Prompted by the Surrealists' Exhibition—with apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

HE thought he saw a green giraffe
With one hoof in a sling;
He looked again and found it was
A concrete sea-gull's wing.
"The medium for this," he said,
"Is partly-chewed black string."

He thought he saw the lobster's aunt
Winking a knowing wink;
He looked again and found it was
Nine egg-shells in the sink.
"I think it should be done," he said,
"In porridge, tinted pink."

He thought he saw a concert-grand
Composed of fishes' fins;
He looked again and found it was
His atavistic sins.

"This calls for coils of tar," he said,
"And crêpe-wrapped safety-pins."

He thought he saw his only love
As cubes of scented soap—
Her figure sliced pumpkin-pie,
Her neck a periscope:
"I'll model this in glue," he said;
"She *will* be pleased, I hope!"

He thought he saw her eyes light up
Like blue-felt motor cars;
His love picked up a butterfly
(Composed of wrought steel bars):
"You say that's *ME*? Take that!" said she.

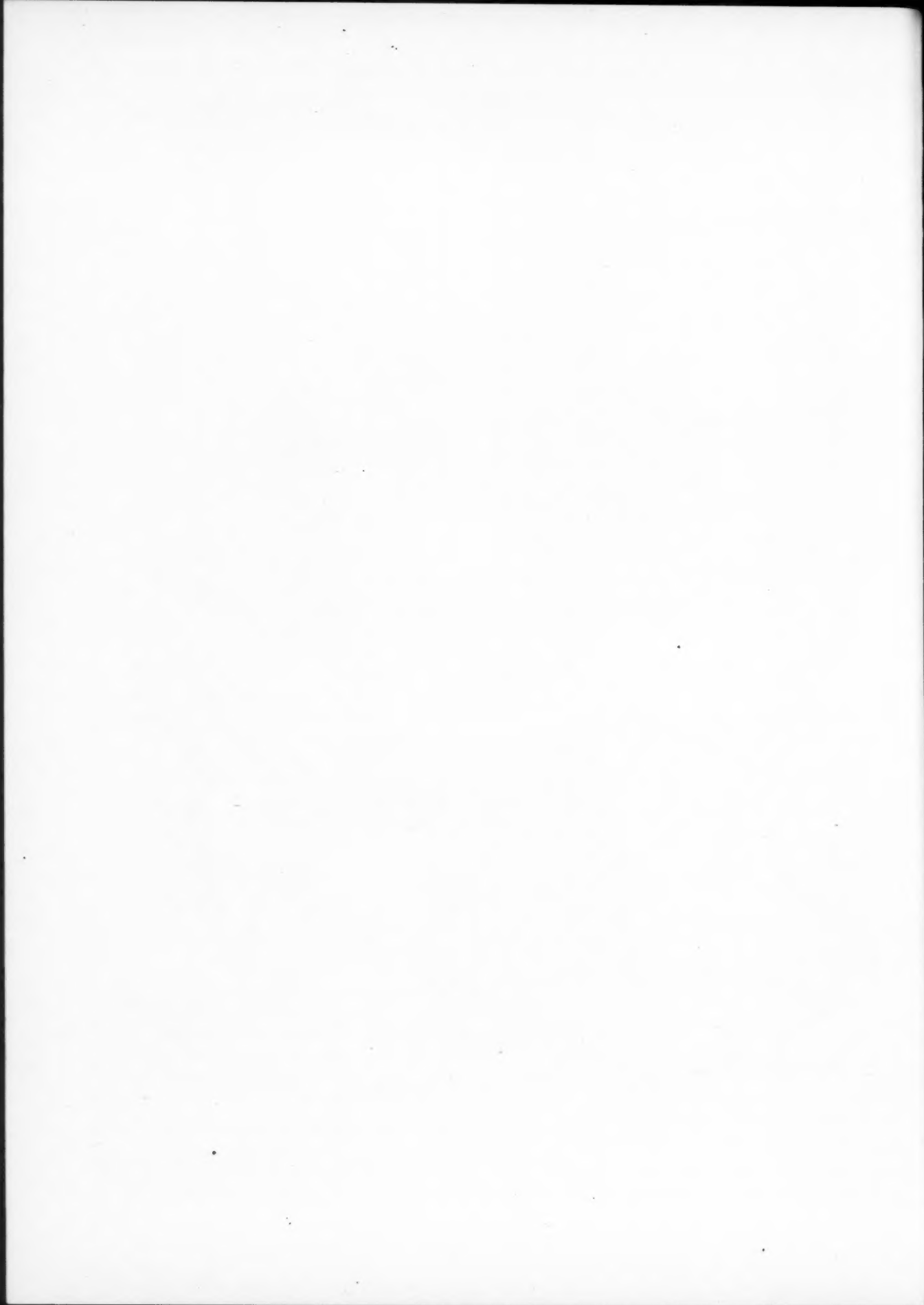
* * * * *

He thought he saw black stars.



—AND NOW?

MR. PUNCH. "PARDON MY INTRUDING ON YOUR TRIUMPH, BUT WHAT WE'D ALL LIKE TO KNOW IS—WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO NEXT."



Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, June 22nd.—Commons: Debate on Unemployment Assistance Board.

Tuesday, June 23rd.—Lords: Debate on British Shipping in Pacific.

Commons: Debate on Foreign Affairs.

Wednesday, June 24th.—Lords: Debate on Indian Provincial Elections.

Commons: Debate on Coal-selling Schemes.

Monday, June 22nd.—Sir OSWALD MOSLEY'S Knuckleduster Boys continue to obtrude their fancy dress and boorish manners; and this afternoon Mr. MONTAGUE pressed the HOME SECRETARY to take action against their more offensive excesses. Yesterday they indulged in a demonstration in Finsbury Park which took a military form and resulted in the arrest of two Fascists for brawling; and Mr. MONTAGUE described how their ridiculous procession had finally marched out of the Park singing "Yid, Yid, Yid." Sir JOHN SIMON replied that the prohibition of private armies would necessitate legislation, for which at present he did not see sufficient ground.

Including written questions, Mr. DAY's score was only three. Feeling in the House is one of relief that June 21st, the longest day, fell on a Sunday.

The Vote for the expenses of the Unemployment Assistance Board gave the Labour Party a chance to have at it for the long deferment of the new Regulations and for the attitude of its Report—which, said Mr. LAWSON, was an attack on local authorities, democratic government and the House of Commons as forthright as if the Blackshirts had been its authors.

In subsequent debate the Board found no champion except the MINISTER OF LABOUR.

Tuesday, June 23rd.—Lord LLOYD's appeal for Government assistance to British shipping in the Pacific found support on all sides of the Upper House, even the Labour Party, in the person of Lord STRABOLGI, admitting that if there were a case for subsidising sugar-beet, civil aviation and grand-opera, there was certainly a case here.

After emphasising our complete dependence on a healthy mercantile

marine, Lord LLOYD told the House that the two British companies concerned linked three important Dominions and the Colony of Fiji, and connected these with America, whose highly-subsidised lines were driving them off the sea. New Zealand had

sent Lord BLEDISLOE's suggestion that the Government were concerned with foreign affairs to the relative exclusion of Imperial matters, explained that the question had been referred to the Imperial Shipping Committee.

Lord LLOYD expressed himself profoundly dissatisfied with the Government's attitude.

Thursday's Foreign Affairs match was concluded in the Commons to-day on a stuffy wicket, the Government team winning by 214. There were a number of sound innings on both sides, and the Government skipper wound up with his best performance for some time; but the boundaries came much more infrequently than on Thursday. The Epping champion was present, but did not go in.

Mr. ATTLEE opened by remarking that if Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, then Abyssinia had been lost on the playing-fields of Harrow; and went on to say that there had been no intention of stopping MUSSOLINI. It was untrue to say that the Labour Party had hampered Sanctions by voting against armaments, and he censured the Government for its lack of resolution. Where, he asked, came the point at which they would fight? They had refused to run risks for peace, increased the risks of war, killed the League and trailed the honour of Britain in the mud. Which was quite a lot to say.

To these criticisms and to those of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Sir JOHN SIMON replied in his best forensic manner, reminding the House that the Government had taken action as quickly as possible, and that last year Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had described the Sanctions for whose extension he was now clamouring as "a sham and a mockery." As for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's assertion that we had been the leaders in selling oil to Italy, it was utterly untrue, for during the first three months of the war, American supplies to Italy rose from one-half of those of the Anglo-Persian Company to four times as much—through no fault of the American Government, he added.

In Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR's view the Government had missed its opportunity badly at Stresa, and by the HOARE-LAVAL negotiations had turned



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.
SIR JOHN SIMON versus MR. LLOYD GEORGE.
(With acknowledgments to "The Insect Play.")

raised the matter four years ago at Ottawa, and the case she put up had won the approval of the whole Conference. What was being done about it? he asked.

In reply Lord HALIFAX, who re-



"CHEAPE COALE!"
(After Tempest's "Cries of London," published in 1688.)

THE SECRETARY TO THE MINES
DEPARTMENT.



THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.

"A DEPUTATION FROM VERULAMIUM TO LAY BEFORE YOUR EXCELLENCY THE GRIEVANCES OF PEDESTRIANS ON THE NEW NORTH-WEST ROAD."

American sympathy to cynical disillusionment. Now its nerve had failed. Mr. EDEN could comfort himself with the thought that he was pleasing Lord BEAVERBROOK, Mr. GARVIN, Mr. MAXTON and Lady HOUSTON.

Mr. EMMYS-EVANS spoke frankly of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's political past, and saw Germany as our chief danger; Mr. LANSBURY made a moving appeal for greater Anglo-American fellowship to stop the wicked futility of war; Mr. HAROLD NICOLSON accused Mr. LLOYD GEORGE of driving the pantechmicon of his wisdom in a manner which would have disgraced an undergraduate with a racing-car, and of having skidded on Oil and on Lord PALMERSTON before a final somersault over Austria; Mr. DALTON tried without notable success to make out that the Labour Party had not been entirely against rearmament; and Mr. BALDWIN told the House that the lessons the Government had learned were that the ultimate sanction was bound to be war, probably throughout Europe, and that for collective security to work, each country had to be ready in every way to fight.

Wednesday, June 24th.—Indian elec-

tions must be rather fun. Hampstead Heath on Easter Monday would seem



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO.

MR. LOVAT-FRASER
Is a biographical grazer,
And is the author of a cute
Work on the Earl of BUTE.

to be the nearest that we get to them in this country; and their traditionally festive aspect raises legislative difficulties which Lord ZETLAND explained to the Upper House this afternoon. Although "treating" continues to be regarded officially as a corrupt practice, it has to be overlooked, since light refreshments are to an Indian an essential basis of an election. Lord ZETLAND was moving an Order to prevent more serious electoral corruptions; and it was agreed to, their Lordships recommending unanimously that the Indians should be encouraged to introduce a little more austerity into the selection of their representatives.

In the Commons coal was unseasonably under review, and Captain CROOKSHANK (who is rapidly qualifying as the Chief Wit of the Front Bench, by the way) explained that the Selling-schemes which he was moving would be permanent and include all the coal-owners in each district, would eliminate colliery competition and would prevent evasion. The coal-owners had promised these conditions, and he as Minister would be responsible. On this assurance the Draft Order was approved.

Roshervilliana.

Punch's interest in Rosherville dates back to his earliest years, when the Gardens were already famous as one of the places in which the Cockney took his pleasures anything but sadly. The hero eponymous of the township was JEREMIAH ROSHER, a prosperous merchant, of Crete Hall, Northfleet, and there is a certain irony in the fact that with his gloomy Christian name he should have been immortalized by his association with scenes of riparian revelry. One side of his record reveals him as a devout churchman, whose sons and daughter built and endowed the church of St. Mark's. As for the Gardens, according to one account he was their first founder, but before him, the disused chalk-pit—so we are assured by a writer in *The Manchester Guardian*—had been bought by certain speculative spirits, among them BENJAMIN DISRAELI—and converted into zoological and botanical gardens. JEREMIAH ROSHER died in 1848, and, according to BOASE's *Modern English Biography*, GEORGE JONES was owner of Rosherville Gardens from 1855 to his death in 1872, when the seventeen acres which they covered were sold for £24,600. The district is stated to be particularly noted for its rhubarb and asparagus, but in their palmy days the seventeen acres were laid out not in kitchen gardens, but with temples, an amphitheatre, and a bear-pit, while the cliff caves were occupied by strange exhibits, including the skeleton of a whale which had lost its way in the Thames.

During this period the presiding genius of the Gardens was Baron NATHAN, who was Master of the Ceremonies and Managing-Director—one of those irregular impresario peers, not to be found in *Debrett*, of whom the last was Lord GEORGE SANGER. He came of Jewish descent and his brother ISAAC, a singer and composer, had been the music-teacher of the Princess CHARLOTTE. The Baron was a fashionable dancing-master and a great performer. On his benefit night he used to dance a horn-pipe blindfolded in the midst of a number of eggs, placed in various parts of the stage, without ever touching one of them.

Rosherville Gardens was the paradise of the City clerk, and the *locus classicus* in this context is to be found in BURNAND's *Cox and Box* (1866), an operetta based on MADDISON MORTON's farce, *Box and Cox*, in which he collaborated with ARTHUR SULLIVAN. One of the liveliest numbers is the song of *Mr. Cox* which begins:



"DON'T MOVE, CYRIL—KEEP PERFECTLY STILL."

"My aged employer, his whole physiognomy
Shining with soap like a star in astronomy,
Said, 'Mr. Cox, you'll oblige me and honour me
If you will take this as your holiday.'
Then visions of Brighton and back and of
Rosherville—
Feeling the rain, put on my mackintosh
I vill, etc."

As a librettist BURNAND could not compete with GILBERT, but he had his points, and I am still haunted by the noble opening verse of a song in one of his burlesques to the tune of the "March of the Men of Harlech":

"I was once a hansom-cabby,
Couldn't drive no more than a babby,
Drove right into Westminster Abbey
One night, in the dark."

After the closing down of the Gardens in 1872 there were several revivals, and their glories, though somewhat faded, lasted on to the end

of the second decade of the present century. Now they are to be reopened for the Gravesend Hospital Week (June 28th—July 4th), with new lovers' walks, a bear-pit inhabited by two bears, a new "baronial hall"—recalling, we hope, the feats of Baron NATHAN—a *café chantant* and other delights. Whether this is only a flicker or an enduring restoration remains to be seen. For old sake's sake Mr. Punch hopes that these pious efforts may endure, if only for the fitness of their nomenclature. They may never have appealed to the élite of Mayfair or the patrons and patronesses of Almack's, but Rosherville has always seemed to me a perfect epitome of the hilarity of the great middle-classes—that backbone of the British public—in its most elastic mood.

C. L. G.

At the Play.

"THE INSECT PLAY" (LITTLE).

It is well known that dramatists must always keep the woman spectator firmly in their minds, since most playgoers are women, and when men go to the theatre it is women who have chosen what they shall see. The boldness of the Brothers CAPEK in choosing insects for their characters and insect-life for their theme is in consequence boldness of the great brazen variety. But it is abundantly justified, and now, some thirteen years after their first production in London, Miss NANCY PRICE has revived *The Insect Play* at the Little Theatre.

What makes these insects different from the ordinary is not merely that they are much too big for our boots, let alone for the feet of women. They are irrepressible, and it is well, for they have so much to say to us.

The play takes place inside the head of a wandering and eccentric *Tramp*, and it is the dramatists' great achievement to make his crazed images real, lively and entralling. Mr. EDMUND WILLARD as the *Tramp* has for a long time kept watch on man's mortality. He is a peripatetic philosopher and rather a bitter one. But bitterness does not rob what he sees of its essential satirical truth. After a brief interlude of the butterflies, the reputedly bright and certainly well-to-do young things, amusing each other with flirtation and crude literary efforts, the play reaches its full strength in the Second Act.

There, under the general heading of "The Creepers and Crawlers," we meet, in the persons of *Mr. and Mrs. Beetle*, of *Ichneumon Fly* and his daughter *Larva*, and of the newlywed *Mr. and Mrs. Cricket*, all the most unlovely types bred in a society given over to free economic competition. There is a superb moment when *Mr. and Mrs. Beetle* first appear, painfully rolling the enormous stone, which is their pile, their hard-earned treasure. We see them preoccupied with finding a safe hole in which to bury it, and already planning to amass another pile, and

then perhaps a third. Alas! that a character who appears on the programme merely as *A Strange Beetle* behaves in the dirtiest fashion. But the *Beetles* are harmless if unlovable

daughter with live crickets to eat, and is extremely proud of himself as a good family man. The tragedy of the crickets is spared some of its poignancy by their own callousness towards their fellow-crickets. But the Second Act makes it very plain that liberal bourgeois society is an unlovely spectacle.

The Third Act, in which the ants personify the totalitarian states, is intended to provide the counterpoise. But the satire is less pointed as well as less richly humorous. It is a vague anti-war gesture whose chief merit is the skilful way in which insect-life is used to show the dehumanising side of militarism. All the time that the ants are waging war, a little moth is struggling for birth and announcing, with a great sense of the momentousness of what is going to happen, that the time has come for the world to make room. The quick end of this and other moths, and the self-centred comments of the surviving snails, broadens the satire, and it passes beyond criticism of particular states of society into questionings about the futility of human life itself.

It is not altogether surprising that the *Tramp* does not survive. But Mr. WILLARD had so endeared him to us as a quizzical fellow who obviously had a good book in him that we feel more concerned than does the passing *Woodcutter* at finding him dead upon the ground.

The production catches admirably the spirit of the dream. The insects convey by their make-up just the social human types to which they belong, yet this effect is achieved by quite simple means. In the case of *Mr. and Mrs. Beetle* it is indeed disquieting for all bowler-hatted, black-coated men to realise what slight adjustment suffices to make foolish and greedy beetles out of them. D. W.

"HENRY VIII."

(OPEN AIR THEATRE).

A little new moon, pared marvelously thin, hung in a duck-egg sky over the trees behind the stage, and we all turned our money in the pious hope that Mr. SYDNEY CARROLL, gallant defier of a brutish climate, should turn over a great deal more. Then a vulgar searchlight began insolently to stab the night, and at such a poor



BIG-GAME HUNTING AMONG THE BUTTERFLIES.

The Lepidopterist . . . MR. A. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT.
The Tramp . . . MR. EDMUND WILLARD.



CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

Mrs. Beetle . . . MISS MAY HALLATT.
Mr. Beetle . . . MR. A. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT.

people in comparison with *Mr. Fly*, of whom Mr. WILFRED FLETCHER gave an outstanding performance.

Mr. Fly, the rich and doting father, spends his days providing his repellent

display of manners the little moon fled to some more hospitable sky.

When Mr. CARROLL issued his appeal for an underwriting fund he invited subscribers to suggest a programme, and this play was widely favoured; it is not very easy to see why, except that its pageantry suits the stage at Regent's Park. It has always had a bad name amongst theatrical producers since its original first-night in 1623, when the triumphal cannons fired off to mark *Henry's* arrival at *Wolsey's* party spat their priming-wads on to the thatch of the Globe and quickly reduced it to a heap of ashes; and it has long been a happy playground in which dons could find more and more of FLETCHER and less and less of SHAKESPEARE.

Such a long play clearly had to be cut, and Mr. ROBERT ATKINS has reduced it to manageable proportions by flinging *Cranmer* and the infant *Elizabeth* clean overboard. I do not see how else he could have done it, but the result is not altogether happy; it is not only a great pity to lose sight of the *Archbishop*, who has more integrity than any other of the characters, and with him of the Protestant issue, but the general shapelessness of the play is emphasised by ending it, after the mounting gloom of *Wolsey's* fall and *Katharine's* death, with *Anne's* silent coronation—although as a spectacle this was brilliantly handled. I wonder why the dramatists made it such a lonely affair for *Anne*? I have always felt that *Henry* might have had the decency to put in an appearance. Mr. LYN HARDING's imprudent peeping down through the trees above the stage offered an explanation pleasant, but probably unhistorical, that the *King* had gone birds'-nesting.

Katharine comes best out of the play, and here Miss PHYLLIS NELSON-TERRY, naturally too regal for some of the parts she has had in Regent's Park, gave a fine and wholly satisfying performance. In the scene at Blackfriars where the *Queen* defied the *Cardinal* and his court her dignity was splendid, and the lovely simplicity with which she played the death-scene was something to remember.

Scholars conjecture, I believe, that if SHAKESPEARE had had the job to himself he would have built up a great tragedy out of *Wolsey's* rise and fall. As the play stands he cuts a poor figure even at his height, and when the crash comes his collapse into insignificance is almost too sudden. He is an ecclesi-

astical gangster whom we feel deserves all he gets, and the tenderest eye could scarcely water over his final penitence. This surely was not the great Cardinal



WOLSEY FEELS THE DRAUGHT—
MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY.

who, however free and easy with the petty cash, was accounted a statesman by his fellows? Not all Mr. BALIOL



AND HENRY TAKES IT EASY.
MR. LYN HARDING.

HOLLOWAY's art could give the true historical stature to this *Wolsey* in whom the little meannesses were so underlined; but his speeches had an impressively sinister roll to them and

his sinuous movements, cloaked in the scarlet of Rome, were magnificent against the green background of the Park.

Mr. LYN HARDING's *Henry* was also rather smaller than the man, and though the fault again lay mainly with the dramatists, who gave *Great Henry* a mind which skipped about like a kitten, a little more ballast in the performance would have helped. As for Miss VIVIEN LEIGH, she was as pretty as the dawn and spoke her lines charmingly, but she seemed to me too gentle for that "spleeney Lutheran," *Anne Boleyn*. Two other parts, excellently taken, were Miss HILDA TREVELYAN's *Old Lady* (having nothing in common with Mr. HEMINGWAY's) and Mr. LAWRENCE BASKCOMB's *Lord Chamberlain*. And the dancers must be praised.

This performance is worth seeing for the beauty of its pageantry, for the acting of certain scenes, and for the pleasure of seeing it in comfort in the open-air. And after all, even FLETCHER could write!

In honour of the first-night the Lords of the Jungle in their near-by lairs were still. Perhaps as a salute to the Elizabethans some drama-loving keeper had dropped a sedative on to their evening bones. ERIC.

Advertisers, Please Note.

THIS is Lady Lovely
Issuing an S.O.S.
You've often seen me in the Press
On weekdays or on Sundays—
Lovely skin and lovely teeth,
Lovely clothes, and underneath
Oh, such lovely undies!
The secret of my beauty
(See *The Daily Howl* or *The Sunday Scream*)
Is someone's tooth-paste, someone's cream,
Or somebody's "foundation."
But a titled lady's life is hard,
So if you'll send your business card
I'll send you my quotation.

M. H.

"The bride wore a model gown of heavy
Oldham Corporation Gas Works."
Wedding Report.

With lead pipings?

"Roughing the tips of the ears is the latest
fad among smart women in New York."
N.Z. Paper.
After you with the sand-paper, dear.

Ting Ting and the "Drone."

THE little difficulty at present going on in the Thither Orient, or Far East, recalls to my mind His Majesty's Gunboat *Drone*. In the far-off days of which I speak I was no more than a curiously junior Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, but I had been selected to command the *Drone* in an enterprise of peculiar delicacy and hazard. I am told that the selection was actually made with the aid of the Navy List and a pin, which, to my mind, is a striking instance of the manner in which fortune favours the brave, merit will out, and various other things which escape me for the moment. However, that is by the way.

I was to take my gallant command some thousands of miles up the River Clang in order to restore peace between two rival factions who were at what is known in their jocular phraseology as war, and, if possible, to rescue the acting-sub-deputy-assistant-honorary-vice-consul in those parts. The ship was amply provisioned and manned, being loaded almost to bursting-point with bluejackets, officers, marines, ammunition, fireworks and a vast quantity of cased, canned, baled, parcelled, bottled, barrelled, loose and other food-stuffs.

Three weeks after setting out on our Odyssey we came in sight of the town of Sting, and through my astronomical telescope I could see that it was hotly besieged by a motley array of assorted warriors armed, at a conservative estimate, to the teeth. Instantly I decided that the city must be relieved—if possible without knocking it down—and I sent accordingly a near-by sailor to the range-finder and ordered the gun's crew to close up at their piece. The range-taker began to call out the ever-lessening range, starting at "Two miles, three furlongs, one rod," and as we gradually closed with the enemy I observed standing on the beach a figure so impressive in appearance that I judged him to be the commander-in-chief. On his head was an English infantry shako with a tuning-fork stuck in the top. How the rest of his person was clothed I was unable to see, owing to his sizeable beard, but under each arm he carried a quantity of firearms and swords. This, then, was the leader of the besieging force, and I ordered the twelve-inch piece of ordnance on the fore-castle to be trained on him.

The range-taker the while continued his strange song: "Five hundred yards—Four hundred and fifty—Four-seventy—Three hundred yards, one foot—" and so on until, at a range of fifteen-and-a-half feet, I gave the order "Fire" and the weapon was discharged. When the smoke had cleared away and the *Drone* had moved forward from the mudbank on to which she had been driven by the recoil, I considered the generalissimo once more. He was dancing in an outlandish and eccentric manner on the fore-shore and uttering strenuous vocal sounds indicative, as I supposed, of strong emotion. From a large hole in the lower reaches of his beard I judged that the ball had passed between his feet. As soon as we were near enough for him to do so, he leapt aboard and rushed on to the bridge. Here I confronted him, bent on him a gaze which reduced him to silence and asked him whether he spoke English. He said that he did, and from the obvious sincerity of his reply I judged that he spoke the truth.

"What is your name?" was my next carefully chosen question, to which he answered loudly, "Ting Ting."

Unfortunately, he chanced at the moment to be standing beside the voice-pipe communicating with the engine-room, and the seaman in charge of the machinery not unnaturally interpreted his statement of nomenclature as the signal for "Full speed astern" and acted accordingly.

When the man Ting Ting had succeeded in extricating

me from the wardroom ventilator-cowl I found that the *Drone* was proceeding stern-first and at a high velocity down the River Clang. On calling a halt to this furious and undignified progress, I was informed that some hitch had occurred and that the reverse gear could not by any means be disengaged. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to cling to the wheel and make the best of a bad job. So I fought and wrestled unflinchingly with the frenzied *Drone*, steering her by hair's-breadths past shoals and mudbanks and round corners and hairpin bends. From time to time the river hurled itself, and the *Drone* with it, at frightful speed through narrow cañons. At such times a head thrust carelessly through a port-hole in the side of the ship would almost certainly have been scraped off against the rocky and precipitous cliffs on either hand, while additional disadvantages were provided by the uncharted and rock-strewn nature of the river-bottom. However, all was well. By dint of twirling the wheel until it was so hot that buckets of water had to be thrown over it, I succeeded in bringing the gallant ship unscathed through every peril.

So for three days and three nights, until at last we shot, backwards, belching smoke, noise and sparks and pushing before us a great wall of foam and spray, into the harbour that was our base. I ordered the fires to be drawn and thrown overboard, and slowly the *Drone* came to a well-earned stop. Gallant craft—she had come down the river in one-seventh of the time that it had taken her to go up. As the steward threw the anchor over the side I dropped where I stood and was asleep.

How long I slept I know not—perhaps days, perhaps weeks—and when at last I recovered consciousness I saw standing beside me the Senior Naval Officer of the port. My first thought, as befits a commander, was for my prisoner and the success of my enterprise.

"Ting Ting?" I asked, taking every precaution to avoid raising my voice above a whisper.

By way of reply the S.N.O. thrust into my hand a copy of a morning newspaper and I read the enormous headlines. I have them before me as I write, and they are as follows:—

"RETURN OF H.M.S. 'DRONE.'

LIEUT. RANDOM COLUMBUS RESCUES, ACTING-SUB-DEPUTY-ASSISTANT-HONORARY-VICE-CONSUL TING TING."

I read no more. My cup of happiness was full, if not fuller. Success had once again crowned my humble efforts. I swooned away.

That, I believe, was the first occasion on which I was recommended for the Victoria Cross.

The Romantic.

GUIDED by seeming chance, last night I took Down from its shelf a long-neglected book, And, pressed between the pages, there I found A tiny heather-spray which time had browned. It touched my heart: with melancholy sigh I thought of the dear thrilling day gone by When it was given, and I placed it there For the sweet giver's sake, a trophy rare. I wept and wept, nor mattered it to me I'd quite forgotten who the girl could be.

W. K. H.

"All three batteries of the Essex Yeomanry earned the commendation of the inspecting officers, and on his departure Major-General R. M. Luckock, commanding the 54th (East Anglian) Division, handed to Lieut.-Col. R. C. O. Parker a basket of strawberries."

Local Paper.

And no raspberries?

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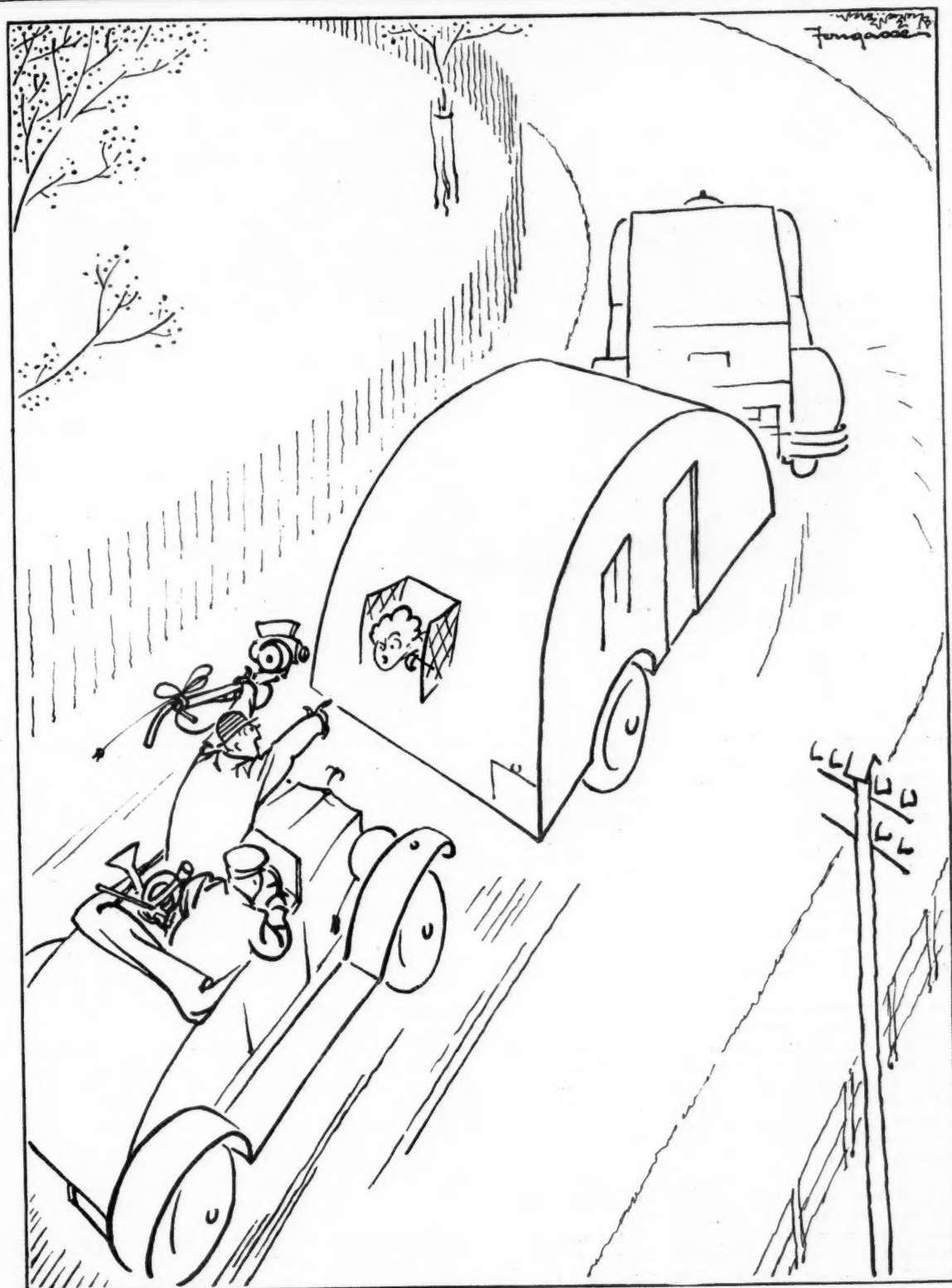
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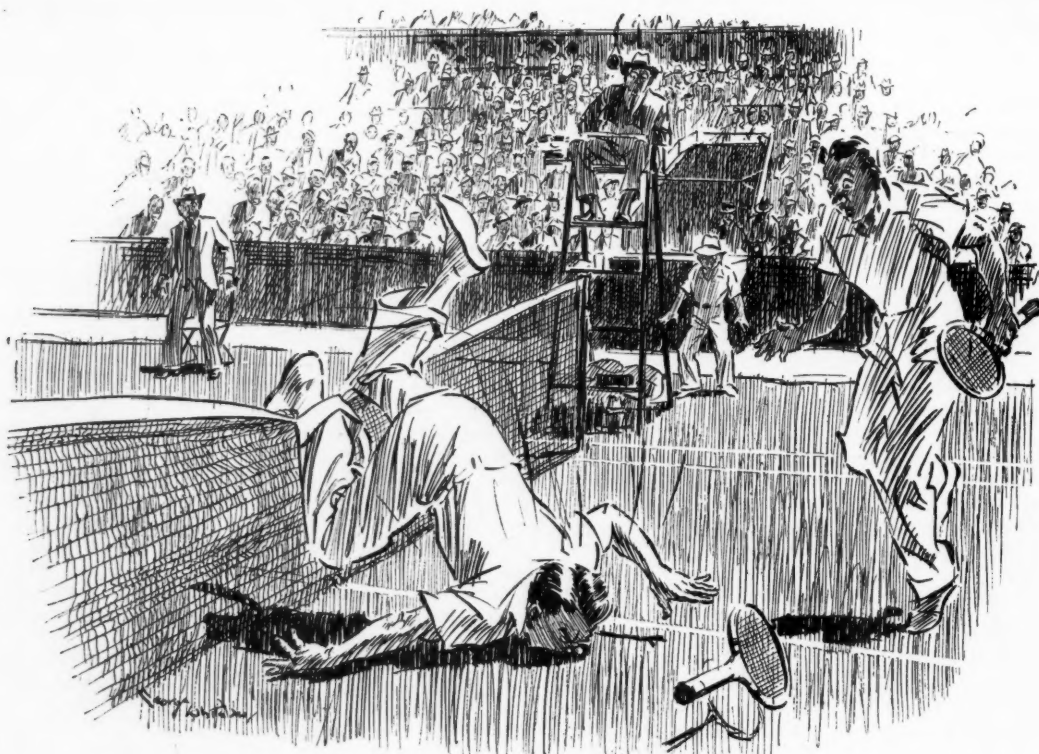
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"I TELL YOU WE DON'T WANT AN ELECTRIC CLEANER!"



BLACK DAY AT WIMBLEDON.

THE WINNER JUST FAILS TO JUMP THE NET.

The Last Citadel Falls.

WHEN I say that I have been shocked and surprised by a book that I have just read I do not want to be misunderstood. Morally it was unimpeachable. Even the Umpalians, in some ways an unpleasant people, seemed to me to exhibit on several occasions a delicacy and restraint worthy of the best traditions of English home-life.

Nor was I surprised when the *Flying Fish*, the airship-submarine fitted with the secret ether propeller, succeeded in reaching Umpala, the new planet which had attached itself suddenly to the solar system. From the description of the invention I thought that it was on the right lines and I expected it to work.

The physical peculiarities of the inhabitants of Umpala, although striking, were only what one might expect on a planet where the conditions are necessarily different from those ruling in Hampstead. For a page or two it may be difficult to

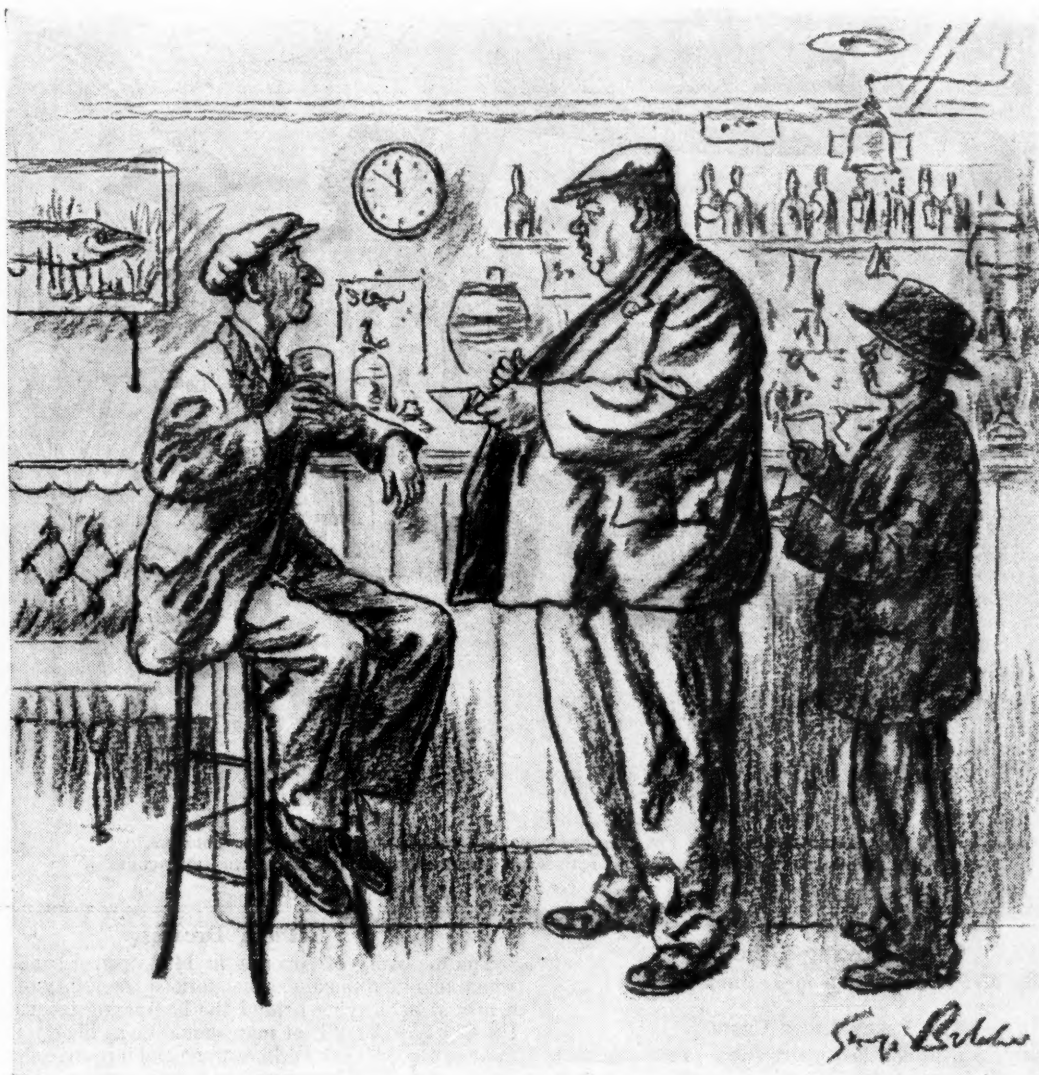
adjust the mind to the notion of a beautiful young queen without legs, who, like her subjects, propels herself tank-fashion by means of a couple of caterpillary membranes and who converses by means of flashing lights in her forehead; but, after all, with give-and-take and goodwill on both sides, differences of race and habit soon sink into insignificance.

What amazed and horrified me in *The Silent World* (Boys' Ruby Library: No. 143) was a departure from known and normal things far more significant than any of these. It may not be a new departure. Those who are familiar with post-war juvenile fiction may tell me that it has been going on for years. I don't care when it began. I have only just discovered it; and it is a portent more enormous than your Television or your Modern Woman or your Open Diplomacy.

Let me lead you to it as I came upon it myself. Here were Tom and Harry Charteris with the *Flying Fish*, which they had built secretly in their school holidays, complete and in readiness for

the journey to the new planet. They had stored her up with arms and ammunition, provisions, a small two-seater car, an ample supply of the secret ether propellant, a wireless-set, a dog named Buster and an outfit of diving equipment. Everything was set for a happy and successful voyage through space. And then what do you think at the last moment the two little asses decided to take with them? A girl! A wench! A little snub-nosed slip of a schoolgirl! cousin, aged about fourteen!

I put it to those of my own generation: Is this or is this not a portent? Can anyone show me a precedent in all the schoolboy literature published before, say, 1914? Did *Chums* ever dare to introduce a female into one of its serials? Could you imagine G. A. HENTY's two English schoolboys, in their timeless and triumphant march through world history from the Carthaginian to the Boer War, taking a wretched flapper along with them when they went to win the Battle of Lepanto or to raise the Siege of Ladysmith? Where would have been the sense of it?



"'E GIVES ME THIS ENVELOPE AND SEZ, 'THIS IS A QUID PRO QUO,' 'E SEZ. WHEN I OPENS IT, THERE WAS ONLY TEN BOB."

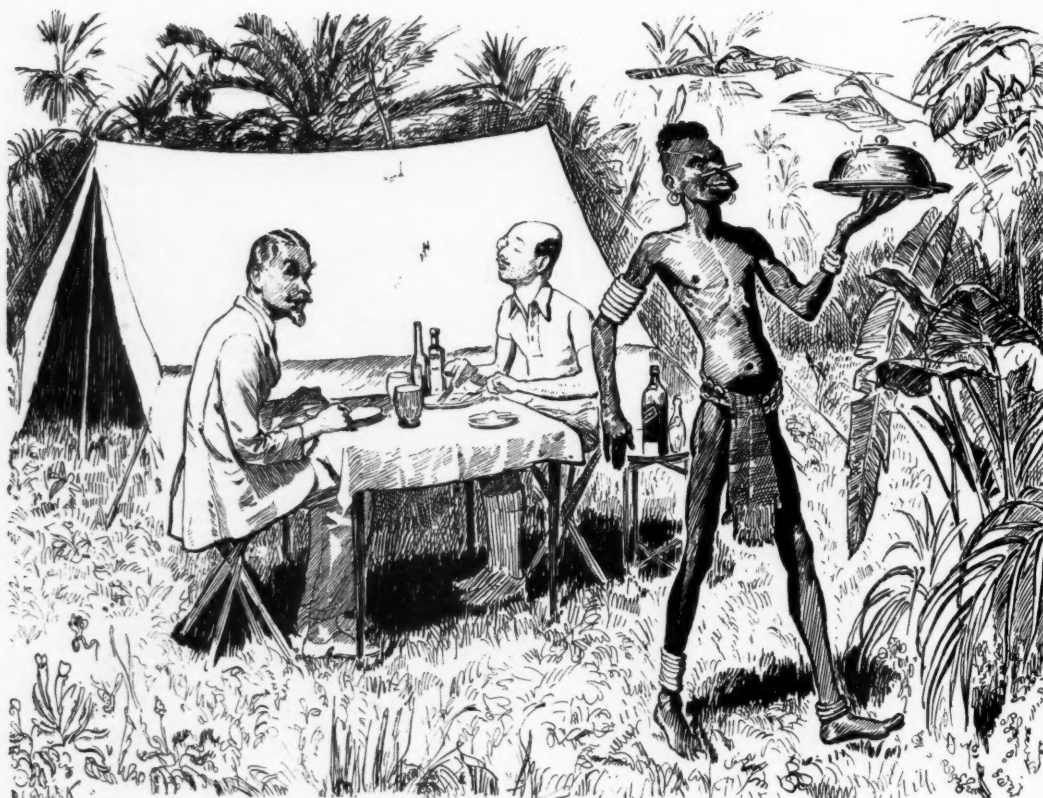
A fine couple of chumps they would have looked offering their service to CHARLEMAGNE and having to explain that they had brought little Gertrude along in case he wanted anything sewn on.

It is no use referring me either to the case of Tubby and the Foster Twins, the Terrible Three of St. Botolph's. What they used to take about with them was a tame gorilla, and that was in a different category altogether and often jolly useful. You could never get a girl cousin to shin up the spire of

a church and chuck bags of flour at the Mayor and the Headmaster.

And what good came of it? No sooner had they landed on Umpala than the wretched little Pamela got herself captured by the natives. You might think that at that the two youths would have seen their mistake and recognised that it was all for the best; but not a bit of it. You will hardly credit it, but they were fat-headed enough to give away a perfectly serviceable home-cinema outfit in order to get her back.

Hitherto I have been fairly broad-minded about the current edition of youth. I have preserved an indulgent silence about its priggishness and its manners and its nasty stuffy habit of amusing itself with wireless-sets and cinemas when it should be knocking corners off its anatomy in the open-air. But if we have really reached such a pass that an average full-blooded boy will allow little girls to trot about unchecked in his adventure stories, then the time has come for me formally to transfer myself to the ranks of the aged and critical.



"YOU'RE A DARNED LUCKY CHAP, FOTHERINGHAM, TO GET SUCH A PERFECT SERVANT LOCALLY."
 "OH, BUT I BROUGHT HIM OUT WITH ME. I FOUND HIM SERVING COFFEE IN A MAYFAIR NIGHT-CLUB."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Essay Loses Caste.

THE essay, a distinguished sport from "that ingenious way of Miscellaneous Writing" in which a noble eighteenth-century critic saw the perdition of good letters, having been "fixed," as the seedsmen say, and cultivated, is now reverting to its weedy origin. In no other way can you account for the extraordinary collection of reviews, leading articles, whimsical prattle, pamphlets-in-brief, nature studies, and biographical sketches which the English Association publish as *English Essays of To-day* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 2/6). Of the book's forty-one contributors, some illustrate their topic, some their temperament, but comparatively few the essay. Mr. GALSWORTHY's unforgettable short story of the German bootmaker jostles a caricature by Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY. Professor JULIAN HUXLEY's notes on courting birds set off a nightmare reverie by Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE. There are two or three merry excerpts by *Punch* hands, having affinities—but only affinities—with the essay proper; and a quota—but only a quota—by such adepts as C. E. MONTAGUE, ROBERT LYND, MAX BEERBOHM and DESMOND MACCARTHY. A wonderful half-crown's-worth, of course; but somehow, if you have the rigour of the game at heart, a depressing one.

Settlers' Dreams.

The discovery of America in 1492 opened a new world where mankind imagined the glorious possibility of making a new start, leaving behind the hampering inequalities of the Old World. "That man should be at liberty to create as he saw good, that work, courage and initiative should not be cheated of their reward, and that every worker should enjoy the fruits of his own labour"—such was the dream of the Puritan artisans and farmers who went to New England, and of the superfluous younger sons of the nobility and gentry who peopled the earlier settlements of the South. This ideal, considers Mr. ARTHUR BRYANT, in spite of the outward appearance of materialism, provides the best explanation of America's history; and to illustrate his view he tells simply the lives of eight men—three who became Presidents—JEFFERSON, LINCOLN and THEODORE ROOSEVELT; four writers—EMERSON, WHITMAN, VACHEL LINDSAY and ALAN SEEGER; and that stout friend of Britain during the war, the late American Ambassador, WALTER PAGE. The best clue to the character of a people is its own past, and Mr. BRYANT considers that we in England know too little of the history of the United States. Hence this collection of studies, which he calls *The American Ideal* (LONGMANS, 10/6). They make very interesting reading, though I doubt whether we are quite so ignorant of all his subjects as he imagines. JEFFERSON we may have forgotten, but then do we remember much more of CANNING?

ALAN SEEGER's name is new to me: he was a young poet who enlisted early in the War in the Foreign Legion of the French Army and was killed in 1916. Perhaps too VACHEL LINDSAY is little more than a name to most of us. But Mr. BRYANT writes eloquently of his selected statesmen and poets, and no doubt we may read of them once more with profit as well as with pleasure.

Martyrs of Liberty.

An individualist myself, I cannot but feel that the family at the farm called *Labour in Vain* (GRANT RICHARDS, 7/6) reduce an excellent theory of life to something like a practical absurdity. The mildest compulsions are anathema to them and, constrained by circumstance to send their daughter to an elementary school, the parents connive so heartily at her contumacies and truancies that at leaving-age she is still illiterate, and the authorities, unaware or unappreciative of the virtues of the self-education of a child of nature abetted by an original father, decide that *Anne Greatheart's* proper place is in an institution for the mentally deficient. Then the fun begins, and fun it is while father and daughter, as fugitives from the tyranny of Bumbledom, are leading a *Paul-and-Virginia* existence in the wild woodland. But with the intervention of a villainous policeman fun is turned to tragedy, and *John Greatheart*, for all his V.C., must submit to that final compulsion which is the lot of the convicted murderer. This is rather a crude story. Mr. ERIC MAXWELL is often confused in his thinking and inaccurate in his expression, while his implied thesis that every official is *ipso facto* either a knave or a fool does not much further his essentially admirable championship of personal liberty. But his book has originality, vitality and a certain charm. When he has clarified his ideas and polished his technique he ought to write a much better one.

One Out of Eleven.

A tawdry and perhaps rather impertinent compilation, *Mr. Loveday's Little Outing* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) is billed as Mr. EVELYN WAUGH's first volume of short stories. One of its eleven items is an alternative chapter to a published novel, a second uses the scenery and characters of another. There is a clever vulgar little sketch of a stupid vulgar little cruise-addict; a somewhat insensitive caricature of the patients in an asylum, with an only too easily foreseen "O. HENRY" ending. A literary young man makes a tragic entry into film production; a masterful matron plucks her younger son to feather the elder—and so on. Mr. WAUGH's manner is vivacious to the point of jauntiness, and the adjective most favoured by inmates of his human menagerie is "lousy." Having waded conscientiously through nine of his numbers in their printed order, I was rewarded by encountering "Bella Fleace Gave a Party," a



"IF THEY BOXES THESE BIG SHIPS IN WITH WINDOWS ANY MORE, 'OW ABOUT TRYIN' FOR A JOB IN A COAL-MINE TO GET A BREATHE OF FRESH AIR?"

tale with a fantastic integrity of its own worthy of the Irish setting it so sympathetically indicates. Nothing else in the book struck me as memorable or promising, but the bizarre tragedy of *Bella* holds out definite hope of a sturdy and original progeny.

"Heaven in Fee."

Towards the end of her autobiography, *Romantic Adventure* (IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 15/-), Mrs. ELINOR GLYN challenges reviewers. "I shall," she writes, "feel truly humiliated if the publication of these memoirs fails to arouse the storm of hostile criticism to which I have become accustomed." So I must try to do my best by pointing out that there are certain things (to my mind) in not very pretty taste—an inaccurate and rude

description of Dr. JAMESON, an unchivalrous reference to one of her "Antiques," and, worse still, abuse of this country's late enemy which is made no better by equal abuse of an ally. The early part of the book is a different matter; I like the description of Mrs. GLYN's gallant grandmother and of life in the Naughty 'Nineties. I like too the descriptions of America and the meeting with Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN. At her worst the author reminds me of a gossip-writer; at her best she is a connoisseur of life's most pleasant gifts—good company, hospitality, bravery and pageantry. Her story of a West American miner who rode ninety miles across the desert to get her some yellow daisies indicates that the title of the book is apt.

Among Southern Arabs.

MISS FREYA STARK has already achieved distinction as a courageous and enduring traveller who can describe her journeys vividly but entirely without extravagance. *The Southern Gates of Arabia* (MURRAY, 16/-) will add to her reputation. This book narrates her adventures during a journey in the Hadhramaut. She saw many men and cities of this remote region, whose inhabitants are inclined to regard Aden as their cultural centre. The climate makes it unlikely that Southern Arabia will ever become a popular touring-ground. In fact, though the subject is rarely mentioned, glaring heat radiates from every page of this volume. The author, also by inference, proves to us that she has a singularly winning manner with the Bedouin. Clearly, without this endowment, she could never have come back alive. Illness unfortunately ended her tour, though it never succeeded in damping her courage. The book is worthily produced and the photographs are excellent.

Debunking Stalky and Co.

MR. G. C. BERESFORD'S *Schooldays with Kipling* (GOLLANCZ, 12/6) is intended to show us the actual scene which provided the inspiration for *Stalky and Co.*, and also to do a good deal of mild debunking. The debunking is not really necessary, for no one supposes that *Stalky and Co.* is photographic, and if it were there is only a faint interest in learning which parts are a bit out of focus. The picture of a school in the 'eighties for boys mostly intended for the Navy or Army is detailed and entertaining, but the passages which attempt to portray "Gigger," or *Beetle*, or KIPLING as he really was seem to suffer from too much speculation and not enough fact. General DUNSTERVILLE (*Stalky*) puts it very well in his frank Preface. The author (who is M^cTURK, but not still quite the M^cTURK of *Beetle's* day) "really gives us what BERESFORD thinks KIPLING would have thought if he had thought as BERESFORD thought." I would go a step farther and alter the last word of this sentence to "thinks."

Innocent Victim.

Philip Tolefree is a detective after my own heart. There are too few of his kind in the pages of modern crime-fiction.

He goes to his job unmasked by so much as a false side-whisker, his pockets do not bulge with microscopes or test-tubes, he abstains from elaborate jests; he just detects, and for that I like him immensely. When a simple commission to solve a cryptogram led him to "Old Hallerdon," a large country-house in the West-country, he had no idea of the entanglement into which he would be drawn. A young guest, a guileless engineer, had been found dead in his bedroom, shot, and the evidence had pointed so strongly to suicide, in spite of the absence of any motive more formidable than a sick headache, that the Coroner had recorded a verdict to that effect. But he was wrong; and *Tolefree*, once on the scent of murder, found it linked up with his original commission in a way which proved unexpectedly exciting. In *The Corpse in the Crimson Slippers* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) Mr. R. A. J. WALLING fits his jig-saw with great ingenuity and maintains a hot pace. His backgrounds are carefully drawn and his characters, within their restricted compass, are real people.

Secret Passages.

MR. ROBIN FORSYTHE'S amateur detective, *Antony*

Vereker, and *Inspector Heather* fight a fair and friendly battle of wits in *The Spirit Murder Mystery* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6). The task before them was to discover by whom *John Thurlow* and *Clarry Martin* had been murdered, for although the bodies of these two men were found lying close together, it was obvious, even to anyone untrained in deduction, that they had not killed each other. Investigations led *Vereker* quickly to suppose that murder

was not the only crime with which he had to deal, but, apart from saying that this story is connected with both spiritualism and spirits, I will refrain from further disclosures. Mr. FORSYTHE indulges at times in a rather exasperating form of humour, but this does not prevent me from admiring his characterisation and the clear picture of the Suffolk village where *Vereker* added to his reputation.

The Four Musketeers.

The Spider's Touch (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) is a "Clubfoot story," and those of us who are already acquainted with this notorious crook will find that his criminal activities and powers of evasion show no sign whatever of waning. *Clubfoot's* principal opponents in this contest were *Robin Dallas* and his three friends, and the scene is laid in Germany, where a young American, *James Fane*, had disappeared in circumstances especially distressing to his beautiful sister. Of course *Clubfoot* was implicated in this disappearance, and as it was *Dallas's* mission to find young *Fane*, excitements, excursions and alarms follow in rapid succession. Mr. VALENTINE WILLIAMS may occasionally draw a very long bow, but he writes with such zest that he makes incredible happenings seem credible, and that, in robustious tales of this kind, is surely of the greatest importance.



"No, MRS. GURTLE, WE'RE NOT TAKING THE NILE EXCURSION. RIVERS DON'T MEAN VERY MUCH TO US. YOU SEE, WE LIVE AT MOLESEY!"